# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 38.—VOL. XXII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1810 NO. 1132


THE

## UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A TALE.

BY WINDHAM FOOT JAMES.

(CONCLUDED.)

Elvina cast her sinking dying eyes upon his pallid countenance, whilst a sweet, though languid smile played on her beauteous face, as she said—'Soon shall all my sorrows be terminated—I feel the icy chill of death—alas! my sight grows dim—Are you my Augustus?

'Ah! dear, suffering Elvina,' returned he, 'it is thy Augustus who now supports the; the vile Jarrett is gone to the castle—oh my angle! how pale thou lookest. Must insatiate, cruel death seperatous? No! I will soon follow the!'

'Nay, say not so, dear youth,' replied the almost-exausted Elvina, 'live, live, and be happy You may sometimes think of my fate—but do not let it grieve you—had I lived my life would have been a splendid wretchedness.—I thank the Almighty, before whom I shall shortly appear, that he has released me from .....' She faintly continued: 'I now do not see you—darkness surrounds me—I feel no pang but in leaving you, my Augustus. Adieu! farewell!' So saying, she gently sighed, and her immaculate spirit fled from it's clay-cold tenament, to realms of celestial and sepiternal day. Soon afterword, Sir Lancelot and his domestics, whom he had summoned, arrived at the melancholy spot. Augustus was absolutely insane: flying to his sword, ere he could be prevented, he plunged it in his bosom, and instantaneously expired. The inanimate bodies of the two lovers were conveyed to the castle, and an express was immediately sent to Willow-dale. But no language can describe the grief and distress of Mrs. Clifton and her daughter, when apprised of the sad catastrophe. A hearse, as soon as possible was sent for Augustus. The day that it drew toward the house, the afflicted mother of the departed youth was standing near the window—her weeping eyes caught sight of the sable train—it was to much for her, and she fell to rise no more! The sorrow of Marianne may be better felt than delineated—bereft of a beloved mother, whom she had ever loved with filial, and a brother with sisterly, affection.

Sir Lancelot regarded not the death of his lady. He soon became weary of the country, and hastened to the metropolis, where he again plunged into every licentious dissipation. Being particularly addicted to gaming, he considerable diminished his fortune; and one afternoon, loosing some very large sums, much more than he was able to pay, he returned to his lodgings, and with a pistol put a period to his dissipated life.

The vessel in which Mr. Whatley's sons were embarked for their passage to Bengal, was by a tornado driven on a rock, when she immediately foundered and every soul on board her found a watery grave.

The eldest young Whatley was a profligate young man; he soon reduced his parents to the greatest indigence. Mrs. Whatley, unable to sustain adversity with fortitude, grew more splenetic, morose, and invidious. Her daughters, to be emancipated from her petulance, married each an obscure mechanic.

The eligant and lovely Marianne Crofton was about two years after the demise of her lamented friends, united to an accomplished and amiable young nobleman, with whom she lived extremely happy.

They flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good the grace of all the country round.'

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## MEMOIRS OF A COQUETTE.

I have hitherto belonged to that class of females called Coquettes. Having experienced all the momentary triumphs and imaginary enjoyments which attend that character, together with the lasting misery which is sure to ensue, I think it my *privilege* and *duty*, to lift the warning voice to all those who are traveling in the same path of ill-fated delusion. I have felt the pleasure of conquest, the palpitation of love, and the pang of despair: I have been flattered and neglected in my turn, And although the happiness once within my reach has forever fled and no morning can ever dawn upon the midnight of my soul, yet my own misfortunes shall not prevent me from warning others to avoid a path, which will enevitably lead *them*, as it has led *me*, to sorrow and remorse.

It was my misfortune to receive from Nature a handsome set of features and a graceful form I became sensible of these imaginary advantages at a very early period, and resolved to improve them to the utmost of my power, in the destruction of hearts. Every circumstance of my early life, likewise contributed to foster these ideas in my mind.—My mother, with unwearied industry, inculcated upon my mind the precepts of coquetry; the example of my elder sisters who were proficients in the art, was before my eyes, and invited me to pursue the same track; my instructors in the usual female accomplishments flattered the charms of my person and taught me the methods of exhibiting them to the best advantage; my vanity was raised to the highest pitch and my youthful heart could not resist the impulse of so many concurring circumstances. While I yet was an infant the lesson continually rung in my ears was, that "Miss must sit up straight, hold up her head, and all the men would be in love with her;" my dancing-master next taught me all the arts of graceful motion and genteel attitude, with a' *Begar, Madame, you have de finest foot in de world and do dance so much a la mode dat all de lover be sighing for you*; my *friseur*, while dressing my hair, would exclaim, "*ah Ma'amselle, vat you do? you have all de Messieurs in chains at your feet*; together with many speeches of a similar nature, which although consisting of such fulsome stuff, were not too gross for me to believe. With these advantages of precept and example, I was ushered into company, an adept in all the artifices of *coquetry* and *deception*.

I had many opportunities of exercising these talents, and was soon followed by a numerous train of admirers. Among these it was long before I discovered one who made the least impression on my heart; but still I indirectly favored their addresses and fanned the flame in their breasts. At length a gentleman, who, to as much beauty as is generally possessed by his sex, added to the accomplishments of the mind, succeeded in winning my affections. But instead of owning a mutual passion, and promoting his wishes as well as my own real happiness, I trifled with his feelings and "triumph'd in his pain." Although I could enjoy no pleasure except in his company, I often contrived pretences to avoid it. Did he invite me to a party of pleasure? I pretended a head ache, or something else equally unfounded in order to enjoy the gratification of refusing him, and of evincing my power over him by the dejection of his spirits. Where we in company? I pointed out to him with expressions of peculiar approbation the good qualities of his rivals. Was he my partner in a dance? I would plead excessive fatigue, beg leave to sit down, and immediately rise with an ugly creature, whom I detested. Arts like these without number did I practise upon him; and for some time I had the satisfaction of seeing him, notwithstanding, persist in his attention and importunities. But, at length, wearied with the caprices of my temper, or having discovered the principle which caused them, with an abrupt adieu, he left me to unavaling repentence, plunged at once from the pinnacle of hope, to the depth of despair. In about six months I had the mortification to see him united to a lady of my acquaintance, who though not endowed with half my personal attractions, yet possessed modesty of deportment, affability of disposition, and sincerity of heart, for the want of which no arts of high life or refinements of gentility can compensate.

Thus having, by my own inconsiderate folly, most wantonly destroyed all my hopes of future happiness, my only prospect a life of languishing obscurity; my only consolation, the hope that this recital will extort the tribute of one tender tear from my former lover, in compassion of the the fate and folly of her he once adored.

Let *him* (if contempt has not taken the place of affection) preserve *this* as a memorial of attachment and a token of repentance: For *him* shall I spend the remainder of my life in celibacy and retirement, far removed from the curious eyes of all my former acquaintance. In this lonely retreat, my only satisfaction will arise from hearing of *his* happiness. Oh! may the "tissue of *his* fate" not be tinged with the sable colouring of *mine*.

To those of my own sex, who suffer their pride and vanity to usurp the throne of reason, I must give a solemn warning to desert the path which has brought *me* to the *grave of hope*.—Although *my* real name will ever be concealed from the world, yet other instances *sufficiently known* might be adduced to prove that the short-lived triumphs of the Coquette are the sure prelude to *contempt* and *infelicity*: That while the

bloom of the rose dwells on the cheek, and the smile of youth plays around her lips, she may be surrounded by a train of flatterers; but when the spring time of life is past and dreary autumn succeeds, no one will be found to flatter her foibles, console her peevishness, or soothe the sorrows of remembrance. And let the words of one, who from sad experience can attest their truth, be believed, when she says, that the only sure way to attain real happiness, is to cultivate the SINCERITY OF THE HEARTH.

EUGENIA,

*Danville, Vermont*, 1810.

## VARIETY.

ZACHARIAS BOYD, whose bust is to be seen over the entrance to the royal college in Glasgow, while professor in that university translated the Old and New Testament into Scotch metre, and from a laudable zeal to disseminate religious knowledge among the lower classes of the community, is said to have left a very considerable sum to defray the expence of the said work, which, however, his executors never printed. The following are specimens of that truly elegant translation.

He thus introduces the celebrated patriarch Job:

'There was a man called Job,
Dwelt in the land of Uz.
He had a good gift of the gob,
The same thing happened us.'

Describing Job's determination to persevere in his confidence in the *mercy* and *goodness* of the Supreme Being, he says,

'Job's wife unto Job did say,
Come God and die!
Job unto his wife replied,
No, you b—h,—not I!'

Jonah, in the belly of the whale, begins his soliloquy in the following words:

'What house is? here's neither coal nor candle,
Where I nothing but fish guts do handle!'

Another passage, he versifies,

'The Lord, unto my Lord, did say,
Sit thou at my right hand
My Lord unto the Lord replied,
I'd rather chuse to stand.'

But the highest flight of his muse appears in the following *beautiful Alexandrine*:

'And was not Pharaoh a saucy rascal?
that would not let the children of Israel their wives and their little ones, their flocks and their herds, go out into the wilderness forty days
—to eat the Pascal.

## ANECDOTES.

DR. JOHNSON would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from lord Mansfield, for he was educated in England. 'Much (said he,) may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught young*.'

ANTISTHENES was asked the difference between a learned, and an ignorant man. 'To make the discovery *silence*' said he. 'strip them both naked, and send them among strangers.'

SERVOLA, the great Roman lawyer, being one day asked, what work might be done on an holiday, replied, 'that which if left undone would occasion mischief, *quod omissum noceret*.'

[*The following is extracted from an interesting and ingenious little work entitled, 'A Week without Souls,' a keen and pointed satire on the greater part of mankind, who live as the world as if they had no souls.*]

## TO EMILY IN SWITZERLAND.

'Tis memory says, that round thine eye
The soul's sweet child-ren, circling fly
A thousand speaking rays;
Like as when round the pointed lance,
In harmless eye-deceiving dance,
The summer light'ning idly plays.

And memory says, that on thy brow
Is pencilled some such peaceful bow
As oft bestrides the sky;
Prophetic too, it seems to swear,
Like this, that no pernicious tear
Shall ever dim thy pale blue eye.

I see thee as the moon's pale beam
Silvers the scarcely heaving stream,
Count the slow waves which sullen break;
Or steal along the checkered isle,
While meek devotions sainted smile
Sits calmly on thy angel cheek.

'Tis memory paints the infant band,
The anguished look, the clasped hand,
Who court thy listening eye.
But never paints that eye severe,
To frown on woe, or chide the tear
Of helpless, hopeless misery.

But why are these but memory's themes,
Of joys expired, but lingering dreams,
The ghosts of what were mine!
In each low bell that strikes mine ear,
A mournful voice I seem to hear,
'These joys no more are thine.'

But yield me to my native oaks,
To laughing cities bleached with flocks,
To nature's ribs of stone—
Another touch shall wake the string,
And sweetly Emily shall sing,
'Those joys are thine alone.'

## GOOD MORNING.

*In imitation of the French, 'Bon Jour.'*

The blushing precursour of Phœbus expands
The chrystaline portals of light;
And scatters the dew dripping tints from her hands,
To crimson the mantle of night.
Sleep shakes his soft pinions and soars to the sky,
And with rapture I greet my dear *Jane*,
Whose health flushing cheek, and whose soul-beaming eye,
Autora but mimicks in vain—*Good Morning*.

Thy presence to me, is the dawning of light,
And pleasure illumines my breast;
But oh! in thy absence morn changes to night—
Hope sinks as the star of the west.
Then let us, my fair one, the moments improve,
Which morning all ours as for bliss;
Let the new risen day be devoted to love,
And in earnest exports of a kiss—*Good Morning*.

When evening returns, and in a slumber I lie,
Then fancy the scene shall retrace;
Shall light up anew the soft glance of thine eye,
And restore me thy blissful embrace,
And when through thy tattle Aurora's tints play!
Oh fly to the arms of thy swain,
With him taste the sweets of infantile day;
And hear him repeat on the plain—*Good Morning*.

## EPIGRAM.

When first I attempted your pity to move,
Ah! why was you deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—*why did you kick me down stairs?*

## SPECIMEN OF A CALCUTTA HOAX.

Some time ago, a most wonderful and affecting story, was brought for insertion in the Mirror, in which it was affirmed, that an Alligator had for some time preceding, infested the river, close to a public ghaut, in the vicinity of Kedgeree, much frequented by Hindoo females, many of whom were carried off by this Alligator. At length, in an attempt to make prize of a stripping Nymph from Balasore, the Alligator was caught at Chatar—the moment this became known, she was conscious that she was assailed by something more like the hands of man, than the teeth of an Alligator; and resolutely plunging her arms under water, she seized the assailant, and believing out for assistance, the monster was secured, brought on shore, and being uncased, proved to be a young Fisherman, who adding to other qualities that of an expert diver, and being ingeniously masked as a large Alligator, had personated his amphibious character, with great dexterity and success, till he was fortunately caught, and delivered over to justice.—The Fisherman had two or three associates on board a dingey, moored in the river at some little distance from the ghaut, who from having a communication by ropes, under water, with the pretended Alligator, retained the bodies of the females, of whom he had made prey, in convenient situations beneath the surface, and at leisure stripped them of those most precious ornaments, to acquire which was the subject of the parties.

No less than 18 women were reported to have been thus carried off. The story was minutely related, and all its parts so well adjusted, as to form a consistent whole. Yet still it appeared upon strict inspection so much out and improbable as naturally to excite doubts of its truth, and being desirous to ascertain on what foundation it rested, before publishing it, we had the satisfaction to find upon inquiry, that the whole was a fabrication, contrived by some native Bangalore Wits, who in imitation of the practice of Foreigners of a different complexion, thought to amuse themselves with the credulity of their neighbours. The Hoax succeeded, the whole country for many leagues around, resolved for a week or more with mourning, but the wicked ingenuity of the Masqued Alligator and his fortunate capture, and some hundreds of people travelled many miles to see the human *Avenger* and the Brother of the *sacre*.

*Calcutta Journal.*

The following is the subscription of a letter lodged in the Post Office in this city.

'Mr John Mac Cary, Cary of Newyork, care of Mr. Edward Nicol Gentleman city of Newyork America or to Mr James Mac Cary Doctor Mason, city of Newyork America or to the care of James Mc Kinch shoemaker to be given unto Mr. John Mac Cary, living with Mr Edward Nicoll gentleman, city of Newyork America.

Newyork
at least and care.

*Lon. pp.*

Some time ago, there was a woman who lived in Chum gaushire, South Wales, whose husband, with the little fortune he got with her, bought a small farm. He had hardly closed the purchase when death closed his eyes. However not intimated with that the widow married a second husband, who soon died. He likewise died, and she tried a third, who resembled. But death soon snatched him away. She then married the fourth, who the wheel it. But he soon followed the fate of his predecessors. She then married a fifth husband, with whom she enjoyed the pleasure of it. All this happened in less than 18 months.

## ANECDOTE.

Two persons quarrelling in the street, one exclaimed 'Sir, you have the breeding of a dunghill.' 'Then I have the advantage of you,' replied the other, 'for you have *no breeding at all*.'

SCRAP.—The truly honest man is he who is not himself on any thing

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1810


In this city, during the week ending on Saturday last, according to the report of the city inspector, 33 persons, of whom 16 were men, 8 women, 14 boys and 17 girls, viz. In childbed 1, of consumption 9, convulsions 6, diarrhea 5, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 2, epilepsy 1, bilious fever 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 2, hives 1, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, intempers 1, old age 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, St. Anthony's fire 1, pilsbers 4, sudden death 1, syphilis 1, teething 2, and 1 of worms.

The corner stone of the New Free School-House in Henry Street, was laid on Monday last, in the presence of the Mayor, Corporation, and a number of respectable citizens: and an address was delivered on the occasion by one of the Trustees.

FUEL.—This article never was, at this season of the year, so dear as it is at present. If our country neighbors were holding it back for still higher prices, we think they will defeat their purpose; for, the present scarcity has induced hundreds to put up grates for the use of coal. This will occasion a very sensible decrease in the consumption of wood, and of course reduce the price of the article. Perhaps anthracite was never so well supplied with good coal as at present; and those who become accustomed to the use of it, will never abandon it for wood, as it makes a more agreeable, a quicker heat, and a safer fire.

N. Y. Gaz.

## CASUALTIES.

On Tuesday night, at a negro dance in Chapel-street, James Johnson stabbed Lewis Robinson in the groin, and a large artery being perforated, he immediately expired. Johnson is lodged in Bridewell: The dispute originated in a dispute, by Robinson's treading on the foot of Johnson's fair partner in the dance.

Yesterday morning a small House in Fair-street, occupied as a Cabinet Makers' Shop, with most of its contents, were consumed by fire.

Charleston, October 12.

Yesterday morning, about 7 o'clock, the citizens were again alarmed by the cry of fire. It proceeded from the stable loft of Col. Sass, in Queen Street; but was fortunately got under before any material injury was sustained. There could not the least doubt but this last fire was the work of some wicked incendiary, as a quantity of live coals were discovered among the hay, evidently placed there by design. Several negroes have been arrested on suspicion, and are now undergoing examination.

Citizens be on your guard.—Five attempts were made on Wednesday night, to set fire to the city!

On Thursday evening last, the shop of Mr. Trask, cooper, at Charleston, near Boston, was burnt; and, on the same evening, the whole of that low story building, in Fore, corner of Central wharf, Boston, known by the name of Godfrey's Bakery, two other houses, a barn, and 600 cords of wood, were consumed. From this building the fire communicated to another (formerly owned by Mr Ingersoll) from which Mr Shaw lately purchased it.—The store part of which on Fore-street, was occupied by Mr. Fuller. The dwelling house by Mr. Grice, Mr. Fales, Mrs. Morris and Mrs Brower, with their families. Mr Grice also occupied a large barn on the premises, which was likewise consumed, together with another belonging to the same, including a large quantity of hay, grain, &c. On the estate adjoining, belonging to the the heirs of Dr. J. C. Howard, deceased, two barns were burnt, and about 150 cords of wood, the property of Mr. Bignal.

The next evening an attempt was made to set fire to the Carpenters shop at the head of Columbia street. The citizens of Boston are called upon to guard against incendiarys.

On Wednesday evening the 17th inst. a stable, owned by Col. Rhea, and occupied by Major Gulick; and a barn belonging to Mr. Harris, at Trenton were consumed by fire—two valuable horses were also burnt to death.

A duel took place at Savannah on the morning of the 10th inst. between the Captain of a French privateer, and Paul Rossignol, in which the former was mortally wounded.

An evening paper very properly recommends to the Clergy of this city, the necessity of making a collection in their respective churches, for the relief of the sufferers by fire in Charleston.

Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, [illegible] discovered a new mode of producing [illegible] Without any expenditure of [illegible] can, by means of a simple apparatus, [illegible] the action of certain chemical powers is combined, freeze a mass of water, and keep it for an indefinite length of time in a state of ice. In an hour he has thus formed a cake of six inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch thick; with very little trouble he can produce a permanent cold of 90 degrees of Fahrenheit, below the temperature of the air, and might easily push it to more than 100 degrees.

Mer. Adv.


WANTED,

*An Apprentice to the Printing Business.*

Apply at this Office.

MRS. TAYLOR

Respectfully informs her Friends and the Public, that she intends opening an Academy, No. 59, William Street, for the instruction of Young Ladies, on Monday October 29, in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, & the use of the Globes

Plain and Ornamental Needle Work. She assures her Friend no Exertions on her part shall be wanting, to facilitate their improvement

October 27 1132—1m

FOR SALE,

At No. 82, Anthony Street an Elegant Little Carriage for Children, completely finished, and will be sold on reasonable terms.

CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by

DUNN AND ROTHERY,

ROSE-STREET,

Two doors from Pearl-Street

April 14 1104—tf


## COURT OF HYMEN

Two gentlest souls alone should meet,
Their union makes the bondage sweet,
And lengthens mutual love—
Bright Venus on her red ant throne
Is down by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupid yokes the doves,

## MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr Beck, Mr. Smith Valentine of this city, to Mrs Leanah Smith,

At Burlington, N. J. By the Rev Dr Wharton, Mr Anthony Schuyler, merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah Ann Ridg.

## MORTALITY.

The path of life though flowers adorn,
Yet often with the rugged thorn
Amidst the flowers arise—
Expect not here on earth to share,
Enjoyment unallayed by care,
But seek it in the skies.

## DIED,

On Saturday afternoon, after a severe illness, Mr. William Thomas, an old and respectable merchant of this city

On Tuesday evening last, Capt. Elisha Doty.

On the same day, Mr Isaac M Comb butcher, aged 30 years,

On the same day, after a short but severe illness, Simeon V Bowser, merchant, aged 23 years.

On Monday last, after a short illness, Mrs Mary Bloomer, wife of Michael Bloomer, pilot

On Thursday morning last, at his mothers house, in John street, Mr Sheldon Blakesly, aged about 30 years

On the 22d inst. in the 81st year of her age, Madame Maria Pintard, wife of Lewis Pintard, Esq of New Rochelle

At Philadelphia, Sarah Stille, aged 40

At Albany, Miss Mary Lansing youngest daughter of John Lansing, Esq

On Thursday last, Mr. John Bishop, a native of East Haven, Connecticut

At Savannah, Dr Roswell B. Tracey, doctor to the Savannah poor house, and Miss Myra Newell, aged 16

At North Carolina, col. James Richardson, aged 76 and Mrs Elizabeth Bunting, aged 45

## CONTENT,

A RIDDLE,

There is a certain lovely thing,
Of which the sage and hermit sing;
It makes a cell and private life
More sweet than courts, if joined with strife;
It makes the sun appear more bright,
And gives a lustre to the night;
It's power is such, one single ray,
Will drive pain, care, and grief away.


WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, put in the ground and warranted tight by C. ALFOAD,

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

WALKDENS BRITISH INK POWDER,

fresh supply, just received and for sale at No. 3, Peck Slip

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR

THE TEETH AND GUMS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this office

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### ALLEN BROOKE OF WINDERMERE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Say, have you in the village seen
A gentle youth of pensive mein?
And have you marked his pallid cheek,
Which secret sorrows seems to speak?
Perhaps you'd wish his name to hear—
'Tis Allen Brooke of Windermere.

But, ah! the cause that prompts his sigh,
That dims with tears his speaking eye,
That bids his youthful cheeks turn pale
And sorrow's hue o'er health's prevail,—
That cause from me you must not hear;
Ask Allen Brooke of Windermere.

Yet needless were his words to prove
His sorrow springs from hopeless love;
Go,—to the youth of Jessy speak,
Then make the crimson of his cheek—
That blush will make the secret clear
Of Allen Brooke of Windermere.

And Oh, beloved his Jessy's breast
Is still with answering cares oppress;
But know, a father's stern command
Withholds from him my willing hand—
All but a father's frown I'd bear
For Allen Brooke of Windermere.

### A MAD SONG.

BY MRS OPIE.

Ha! what is this that on my brow
Presses with such o'erwhelming power?
My love to heaven is gone, I know;
But 'tis to fix our bridal hour:—
Then on his tomb why should I sorrow?
He's gone, but he'll return tomorrow.

Ah! then yon lofty hill I'll mount,
And seize on morning's brightest cloud;
On that I'll wait my love, and count
The moments till he leaves his shroud:
And he the rainbow's vest shall borrow,
To grace our bridal day to-morrow.

But all's not right in this poor heart,—
Yet why should I his loss deplore?
It was indeed a pang to part,
But when he comes, ha! I love so more:
And all to day can laugh at sorrow,
When sure of being blest tomorrow.

Then why am I in black arrayed?
And why is Henry's father pale?
And why do I, poor frantic maid,
Tell to the winds a mournful tale?
Alas! the weight I feel is sorrow—
No, no—he cannot come tomorrow.

### SONG.

*By Mrs. Opie.*

I know you false, I know you vain,
Yet still I cannot break my chain:
Though with those lips so sweetly smiling,
Those eyes so bright and so beguiling.

On every youth by turns you smile,
And every youth by turns beguile'
Yet still enchant and still deceive me,
Do all things, fatal fair,—but leave me.

Still let me in those speaking eyes
Trace all your feelings as they rise;
Still from those lips in crimson swelling,
Which seem of soft delights the dwelling,

Catch tones of sweetness, which the soul
In fetters ever new controll.
Nor let my starts of passion grieve thee,—
Though death to stay, 'twere death to leave thee.

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*"The truth is not to be spoken at all times,"* is a maxim much oftener repeated and practised by men of indirect, than of honest, independent minds. As a maxim for general use, it is in fact the first lesson in the art of lying, and the devil could not have contrived a better one. It makes truth an article of convenience in the onset, and conscience a judge with undeniable discretionary powers—Ah this is flattering to a free agent, but poor security for his morals. The ancients considered the "suppression of truth" as a species of falsehood; and surely Christianity was not intended to relax our morality. The difference between him who is cunning, cautious and calculating in his suppression of the truth, and him who disregards it altogether—is, that the former considers truth a convenient handmaid to his ruling passion—the latter thinks her not worth keeping. There is another maxim of more use in the common concerns of life; because it assists our judgement in the estimation of characters.

"He who fears to tell, commonly fears to hear, Truth."—In other words, that disturbing conscience, which in our walks through life, instead of looking for truth as its object, is only looking for directions how it shall be evaded, and what not told—" makes cowards of us."


JOHN I. VANDERPOOL,
LATE PARTNER TO JAMES M. SNYLIE,

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general that he has taken that convenient stand at No. 101, Greenwich-street, very near Rector-street where he intends to carry on the Ladies Shoe Making, in all its various branches, in the neatest, and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the business for upwards of ten years in the first shops in this city he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

Likewise, Gentlemen may have Boots, and Shoes made in the most fashionable manner and at the most reasonable notice.

J. I. Vanderpool intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen which will enable him by strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies and Gentlemen, by sending their messages shall be personally attended to at their respective abodes, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

August 18 1122—if

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,
Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap,
No. 3, PECK SLIP.

*CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT,*
the floating Wax Tapers which will burn ten hours and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfectly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

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